

Twinklings for Boys and Girls.

SHOOTIN' THE CHUTES AT GRAN'-MA'S.

When Saturday comes we boys and girls
Scoot off ter gran'ma's house,
For there's nobody there 'at'll say to us:
"Keep quiet as a mouse!"
We romp and scream, and tear around,
Play Injuns and football,
But ther bestest fun is shootin' ther chutes
In gran'ma's great, big hall.



Ther staircase long is Coney's Isle,
Each step is er rollin' billow,
An' ther bannister bright is ther big machine,
As slick an' as clean as er pillow.
Big brother Joe and me an' Sue,
All slide with an awful fall,
As we laugh and shout while shootin' ther chutes
In gran'ma's great, big hall. M.

FAVORITISM.

"Oh, no; there ain't any favorites in this family," soliloquized Johnny. "Oh, no! If I bite my finger nails I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot, an' they think it's clever."

PAPA'S WHISTLING POWERS.

"Georgie, Georgie, mind—your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage!" Paterfamilias quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster, and hiding it behind his back. "There, now, the hat has gone!" Georgie set up a howl. After a while his

father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head. "There, it's back again, you see!" While the parents are engaged in conversation George throws his hat out of the carriage and cries: "Pa, whistle again!"

A BROWNIE CHAMPION.

He's such a tiny little fellow, but oh! how manly and how spry he is! His name is Gilbert White and they call him the youngest athlete in America.

Gilbert is the eight-year-old son of Dr. White who conducts the Berkeley school in New York, where young men are prepared for college. You may be sure Dr.



GILBERT WHITE.

White is very proud of his strong and clever boy. Gilbert was fond of sports when he was only six years old. Just think of a little fellow of six making grown-up athletes stare at his strength and quickness in walking, running and lifting heavy weights.

It was not until last year that Gilbert was brought before the public, the occasion being the indoor games of the preparatory classes of the Berkeley School, held in the latter's big gymnasium before a large crowd. Master Gilbert was entered in nearly every event and was one of the youngest competitors. He secured first place in the one-quarter-mile walk, defeating boys three years older than himself. The latter performance encouraged him and he trained hard for the indoor games. In the one-quarter-mile walk he again met lads much older than himself, and had to be content with second prize. He won the potato race, an event which takes a great amount of skill. The sack race resulted in another win, and in the roller skating race he captured second place.

Gilbert has recently shown great speed as a bicycle rider, and is also an excellent musician.

THEY FORGOT THE CAT.

Two baby mice, the world to see,
Went forth one day abrim with glee;



Said Number One
to Number Two:
"We're clever
youngsters, me
and you,

And just to prove that this is true
We'll scorn all traps as old mice do."

With puffing chests and flaunting tail,
Said Number Two: "We cannot fail
If we but follow our good sense,

To capture cheese and then go hence—"
But just then the family cat came along
and grabbed up both of the conceited little mice who saw only the trap. The moral is—but you're clever enough to see the moral for yourself.

THE LESSON OF THE STARS

One night we were sitting out of doors in the moonlight, unusually silent almost sad. Suddenly someone—a poetic looking man, with a gentle, lovely face—said in a low tone: "Did you ever think of the beautiful lesson the stars teach us?" We gave a vague, appreciative murmur, but some soulless clod said: "No; what is it?" "How to wink," he answered, in a sad, sweet voice.

A SWEET MONOPOLY.

If all the world was candy,
And all the stars were cake,
Oh, wouldn't it be dandy
Our daily choice to take.



WATCH-ING THE TICKER.

My papa's watch is big and fat,
Its hands are hard and cold.
Its face looks like a Democrat,
But the chain's McKinley gold.